

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

The Naval Chronology of Great Britain; or, an Historical Account of Naval and Maritime Events, from the commencement of the War, in 1803, to the end of the Year 1816; also, Particulars of the most important Courts Martial, Votes of Parliament, Lists of Flag Officers in Commission, and of Promotions for each Year; the whole forming a Complete Naval History of the above Period. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. By Mr. J. Ralfe. 3 vols. royal 8vo. pp. 885. London, 1820.

THE glory of our navy is a theme on which Britons dwell with rapturous exultation. The British tars and the wooden walls of old England are endearing appellations from our childhood, and there is, perhaps, nothing that we learn earlier than to esteem them. From the time in which Edward the Third defeated the French fleet, and invaded the French territory, to the memorable bombardment of Algiers, the navy of England has, when compared to other countries at a corresponding period, ranked high. The reign of Queen Elizabeth was distinguished by its triumphs, and for the last century, at least, it has hurled a proud defiance to all the navies of the world; but it was reserved till the reign of George the Third for the British navy to attain its highest splendour.

The names of a Rodney, a Howe, a Duncan, and a Nelson, recall to the recollection the proudest triumphs of the British navy. It has not, however, been merely in large fleets that we have discovered our superiority,—it has shewn itself in a conflict of a brig or a gun-boat. Every British sailor seems to think the honour of his country, and the fate of the action in which he is engaged, depends on his own individual bravery; and, while this continues the feeling in the navy, which we trust it always will, Britain will maintain that proud title which has been reluctantly wrung from her enemies,—that of ‘mistress of the ocean.’

Few works offer less room for criticism than the one before us; it is almost entirely documentary, and is so fully explained in the title page as to leave little to add on the subject. As a record of the public services of the British navy, during a period of thirteen eventful years, it is certainly valuable; we should, however, have thought it still more so if it had not so rigidly confined itself to the Gazette accounts; as there are after every engagement, some details of a less public and equally interesting nature, which deserve to have a place in history. The few biographical memoirs which are interspersed in the work present little novelty, and are such as have been long before the public; but the editor only claims the merit of a compiler, and, we ought not to expect more than he pro-

mises; if, however, he had abridged the account of the proceedings in Parliament on naval affairs, and given a brief account of the proceedings of courts martial instead of minutes, which now have lost much of their interest, the work would have been less bulky and equally valuable.

We are happy to find Mr. Ralfe, in his life of Sir Robert Calder, vindicating that brave officer from the unmerited aspersions that have been cast upon him. This part of the work presents more novelty than usual, and, therefore, we quote an extract, which we doubt not will be read with interest by all who recollect the circumstances of the court martial on this gallant officer:—

‘There is scarcely any work that has appeared on the naval events of the year 1805, (with the exception of that respectable work, ‘The Life of Lord Nelson,’ by Messrs. Clarke and M^r Arthur), in which the character and the motives of Sir Robert Calder have not been most foully aspersed. It is asserted by Mr. Harrison and by Mr. Southey, in their Lives of Lord Nelson, that his lordship never had but two enemies in his profession; namely, Sir R. Calder and Sir J. Orde. How any man, possessing such sources of information as those gentleman, could sit down, and coolly put upon record such an assertion, appears truly astonishing. I do not know whether his lordship had more than two enemies or not, but I do know, that Sir Robert Calder was not one of them. If those gentlemen allude to any altercations that might have happened during the time that Sir Robert Calder was captain of the fleet under Earl St. Vincent (into which it is not to the purpose here to enter), it is only necessary to state, that Sir Robert Calder was too good a seaman, and possessed too great a mind, to harbour any mean petty jealousy on account of what occurred at that time. This his lordship must also have been aware of, and that any opinion given by Sir Robert Calder arose from a desire to promote the good of the country, and to keep untarnished the reputation of the British navy. Lord Nelson himself possessed too noble and generous a spirit not to own that the conduct of Sir Robert proceeded from the purest motives; and, down to the latest period of his existence, he did not fail to acknowledge the superior abilities of the latter, by sending for his correction that very plan which he had drawn out for attacking the combined fleet, and for which he has been so highly extolled.

‘It is insinuated by Mr. Southey, that had Lord Nelson been placed in the situation of Sir R. Calder, the result of the action would have been very different. But, so far from the result of the action being different from what it was had Lord Nelson commanded, his lordship expressed his surprise that Sir Robert could think of engaging an enemy so superior in numbers to the fleet under his command, surrounded as he was by different hostile squadrons; and added, that if Sir Robert was to be tried, it should be, for engaging the enemy at all: an opinion which entirely corresponds with that given by Admiral Collingwood in his letter inserted above, in which he says, “they (the combined fleet) will now liberate the Ferrol squadron from Calder.” He mentions it as a matter of course, not thinking that Sir Robert with his small force would attempt to interrupt them; and it is very certain, that had Lord Nelson lived to read an account of his life by Mr.

Southey, he would have felt indignant at being made the object of comparison, especially with one whom he had long served, and with whom he had lived upon the strictest terms of intimacy and friendship? a proof of which may be found in the following letter from his lordship, dated Victory, August 16, 1805.

"My dear Freemantle,—I could not sit down last night to thank you for your letter and for your packet of newspapers, for I was in truth bewildered by the account of Sir Robert Calder's victory, and the joy of the event, together with hearing that John Bull was not content, which I am sorry for. Who can, my dear Freemantle, command all the success which our country may wish? We have fought together, and therefore well know what it is. I have had the best disposed fleet of friends, but who can say what will be the event of a battle? And it most sincerely grieves me, that in any of the papers it should have been insinuated, that Lord Nelson would have done better. I should have fought the enemy, so did my friend Calder; but who can say that he will be more successful than another? I wish to stand only upon my own merits, and not by comparison in one way or the other with a brother officer. You will forgive this dissertation, but I feel upon the subject."

"Such was the opinion of Lord Nelson; and, for fear of detracting from it, I shall close this part of the subject by hoping, that when these gentlemen again sit down to write a history, they will not heighten the colour of their hero's actions by casting a gloomy shade over those of others.

It is asserted by the editor of *The Naval Chronicle*, in the addenda to the *Life of Lord Nelson*, that his lordship, "aware of the distressing consequences which arose in Sir Robert Calder's action, from the confusion attendant on multiplied signals, determined to avoid them," &c.; and this in the face of Sir R. Calder's public letter, in which he states, that "the fog was so very thick at intervals, that we could with great difficulty see the ship ahead or astern of us; this rendered it impossible to take that advantage of the enemy by signals I could have wished to have done." When the enemy was discovered, the necessary signals were made to prepare for battle, and to attack his centre; but he having tacked, a corresponding movement was rendered necessary on the part of the British admiral, who having succeeded in forcing the enemy to battle, the signal was made for close action, which continued flying the whole time. These were all the signals that were made, and these are what have been termed "a multiplicity of signals." Such assertions require no comment.

"It was also asserted, that a greater number of ships would have been captured, had not the anxiety of Sir Robert Calder been so great to secure those that had struck; that it was owing to his parsimonious disposition that the victory was not more complete. And he was even asked, on his arrival in London, by a distinguished officer, "if he had not made a signal for prize-lists to be made out, and forwarded to him the moment the action ceased." There is something so base, so degrading to the character of an officer, in representing him as acting from the sordid motive of emolument, in place of the good of his country; it renders him so contemptible in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen, that such conduct can never be sufficiently reprobated. But the baseness of this insinuation was rendered greater on account of the quarter from whence it came, that person knowing, perhaps better than any other, the disinterested motives which always actuated the conduct of Sir Robert Calder; he knew even that Sir Robert had, after the battle of the 14th February, advised Sir J. Jervis to destroy the prizes made on that day, in order that he might have it more in his power to renew the engagement. And, so far were the thoughts of Sir Robert Calder from deriving any personal interest from prize-money on the 22d July, that it was proved by Captain Fleming, that he would have destroyed the captured ships if the weather had permitted him to carry his design into execution. To those who are acquainted with the character of Sir Robert Calder, refutation of such charges must appear superfluous; while to

those who have not this advantage, it will be merely necessary to state the amount of the prize-money due to Sir Robert on account of the victory gained on the 22d July, which was little more than half the sum received by every captain in his squadron—about 400l. However, there are two other actions of his life which so fully contradict these assertions, that the principles of this work demand their insertion. They are as follows:—

"When the war was going on, and the finances of the country were in a very reduced state, Mr. Pitt and the ministry of the day caused it to be made known, that a sum of money would be acceptable from the different officers and seamen of the navy, to assist the government in carrying on the war with the greatest advantage. At that time, the Mediterranean fleet was off Cadiz, blockading that port, under the command of Admiral Earl St. Vincent, at which time Sir Robert Calder was his captain of the fleet. Upon the circumstance being made known and discussed by the officers, Lord St. Vincent gave one thousand pounds; Sir Robert Calder his year's pay as captain of the fleet, amounting to near eight hundred pounds; the other admirals, captains, officers, seamen, and marines gave in proportion and according as their circumstances would permit.

"The high estimation in which the character and the abilities of Sir Robert Calder were held after the action off Cape St. Vincent, has been already noticed; but there is one circumstance connected with that event, the record of which has been reserved for the present occasion, and which serves, more than any other, to answer the malignant assertions and insinuations of his enemies.

"After his arrival in England with the news of that important victory, and after he had been created a baronet, and had been promoted to a flag for his meritorious conduct; after these honours had been conferred upon him, it was still thought by the ministry that his services had not been sufficiently rewarded; and it was, therefore, proposed that a grant of money, not exceeding twelve hundred pounds per annum, should be given to Sir Robert Calder, for the signal and important services rendered by him to the country. But, on the first intimation of such intention being made to him, he declined the proffered annuity, and in language at once manly, dignified, and independent: "Gentlemen, however grateful to my feelings such an acknowledgment of my services must be, I cannot consent to accept of it, the situation and the finances of the country not appearing to me to warrant such a disposal of the public money. But, if there is any situation in the line of my profession, I shall be most happy to accept of it, and the country shall have my best services." Such was the answer of this brave and distinguished officer; and this was the man whom Englishmen were taught to revile and slander.

"I shall now conclude this subject, which has, I fear, been carried to too great a length, and which the plan of the work does not justify; but I hope the cause will be recollected, and that it will be borne in mind, that it has been to endeavour to dissipate the clouds of prejudice and misrepresentation which were ungenerously and unjustly raised against an officer of high rank, service, and character, by inserting the opinion of that highly distinguished and justly celebrated man, Dr. Halloran, soon after the decision of Sir Robert's court martial.—"I have read, without prejudice or partiality, and considered with all the attention of which I am capable, the trial of Sir Robert Calder. Certainly, from the evidence, I could not possibly anticipate the sentence; and, injured I cannot but deem an officer, who, though of unquestionable bravery, is yet severely censured for an error in judgment—a sentence which it might be presumed a court, composed of men themselves weak and fallible, would have paused and seriously deliberated upon, before they thus indelibly placed upon record what may hereafter sanction their own condemnation: for if an error in judgment be severely censurable, where is the man, however brave or skilful or prudent, who, while subject to the failings incident to our nature, may not become

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obnoxious to a similar sentence? Byng was sacrificed, and Calder was censured, because they were not exempt from human fallibility! Were they not, therefore, the victims rather of popular prejudice than of actual demerits? Posterity has, too late, done justice to the one; to the other it is to be hoped, that the general sense of the navy, and of every impartial Briton, has already proved a lenitive to his wounded feelings."

"This lenitive, if it were necessary to a man conscious of upright intention and the purest motives for all his actions, was afterwards applied to Sir Robert, by his being appointed to the port-admiralship of Plymouth. "He is now alive; and, should any future occasion call for his services, the country may congratulate itself in possessing such a man, who, to a vigorous understanding, joins that degree of nautical skill and professional experience, in the acquisition of which he has undergone more than a common portion of fatigues, dangers, and exertions. Should this not be the case, he has done enough for his country; and the laurels he has so honourably and virtuously won, will never experience a decline in their verdure."

"In reviewing the life and conduct of Sir Robert Calder, it will be seen, that though he has not had the good fortune to acquire a great share of popular applause, few have had juster claims to public gratitude. In no one instance does he appear liable to censure. "If we reflect on those accidents which daily baffle the most prudent—if we reflect on the difficulties which surround men acting in such situations,—if we reflect that public envy and personal malice are perpetually on the watch to depreciate renown and victory itself, we shall not be surprised that Sir R. Calder should have experienced its baneful effects. His chief merit will appear to lie in the safety of his measures, never having had any ambition to imitate those who are admired as great men, merely because their rash enterprises have been attended with success."

Sixty well engraved plates, representing the principal engagements of the British navy during the period, embellish this work, which is what it professes to be, a naval chronology, and will therefore be read with pleasure by all who have shared or feel interested in the events which it records.

A History of New York, from the beginning of the World to the end of the Dutch Dynasty.

(Continued from p. 644.)

MR. KNICKERBOCKER having described the manners of the inhabitants of New York, proceeds to give an account of their dress, particularly that of the ladies:—

"Their hair, untortured by the abominations of art, was scrupulously pomatumed back from their foreheads with a candle, and covered with a little cap of quilted calico, which fitted exactly to their heads. Their petticoats of linsey-woolsey, were striped with a variety of gorgeous dyes—though I must confess these gallant garments were rather short, scarce reaching below the knee; but then they made up in the number, which generally equalled that of the gentleman's small-clothes; and what is still more praiseworthy, they were all of their own manufacture—of which circumstance, as may well be supposed, they were not a little vain.

"These were the honest days, in which every woman staid at home, read the Bible, and wore pockets—ay, and that too of a goodly size, fashioned with patch-work into many curious devices, and ostentatiously worn on the outside. These, in fact, were convenient receptacles, where all good housewives carefully stored away such things as they wished to have at hand; by which means they often came to be incredibly crammed—and I remember there was a story current when I was a boy, that the lady of Wouter Van Twiller once had occasion to empty her right pocket in search of a wooden la-

dle, and the utensil was discovered lying among some rubbish in one corner—but we must not give too much faith to all these stories; the anecdotes of those remote periods being very subject to exaggeration.

"Besides these notable pockets, they likewise wore scissors and pincushions suspended from their girdles by red ribands, or, among the more opulent and showy classes, by brass, and even silver chains,—indubitable tokens of thrifty housewives and industrious spinsters. I cannot say much in vindication of the shortness of the petticoats; it doubtless was introduced for the purpose of giving the stockings a chance to be seen, which were generally of blue worsted, with magnificent red clocks,—or, perhaps, to display a well turned ankle, and a neat, though serviceable, foot; set off by a high-heeled leathern shoe, with a large and splendid silver buckle. Thus we find that the gentle sex, in all ages, have shown the same disposition to infringe a little upon the laws of decorum, in order to betray a lurking beauty, or gratify an innocent love of finery.

"From the sketch here given, it will be seen that our good grandmothers differed considerably in their ideas of a fine figure from their scantily dressed descendants of the present day. A fine lady, in those times, waddled under more clothes, even on a fair summer's day, than would have clad the whole bevy of a modern ball-room. Nor were they the less admired by the gentlemen in consequence thereof. On the contrary, the greatness of a lover's passion seemed to increase in proportion to the magnitude of its object, and a voluminous damsel, arrayed in a dozen of petticoats, was declared by a Low-Dutch sonneteer of the province, to be radiant as a sunflower, and luxuriant as a full-blown cabbage. Certain it is, that in those days the heart of a lover could not contain more than one lady at a time; whereas the heart of a modern gallant has often room enough to accommodate half a dozen. The reason of which I conclude to be, that either the hearts of the gentlemen have grown larger, or the persons of the ladies smaller; this, however, is a question for physiologists to determine.

"But there was a secret charm in these petticoats, which, no doubt, entered into the consideration of the prudent gallants. The wardrobe of a lady was in those days her only fortune; and she who had a good stock of petticoats and stockings was as absolute an heiress as is a Kamschatka damsel with a store of bear-skins, or a Lapland belle with plenty of rein-deer. The ladies, therefore, were very anxious to display these powerful attractions to the greatest advantage; and the best rooms in the house, instead of being adorned with caricatures of dame nature, in water-colours and needle-work, were always hung round with abundance of homespun garments, the manufacture and the property of the females,—a piece of laudable ostentation that still prevails among the heiresses of our Dutch villages.

"The gentlemen, in fact, who figured in the circles of the gay world, in these ancient times, corresponded, in most particulars, with the beauteous damsels whose smiles they were ambitious to deserve. True it is, their merits would make but a very inconsiderable impression upon the heart of a modern fair; they neither drove their curricles nor sported their tandems, for as yet those gaudy vehicles, were not even dreamt of—neither did they distinguish themselves by their brilliancy at the table, and their consequent *rencontres* with watchmen; for our forefathers were of too pacific a disposition to need those guardians of the night, every soul throughout the town being sound asleep before nine o'clock. Neither did they establish their claims to gentility at the expense of their tailors, for as yet, those offenders against the pockets of society, and the tranquillity of all aspiring young gentlemen, were unknown in New Amsterdam; every good housewife made the clothes of her husband and family, and even the *goede vrouw* of Van Twiller himself thought it no disparagement to cut out her husband's linsey-woolsey galligaskins.

"Not but that there were some two or three youngsters, who manifested the first dawns of what is called fire and spirit; who held all labour in contempt,—skulked about

docks and market-places,—loitered in the sunshine,—squandered what little money they could procure at hustle-cap and chuck farthing,—swore, boxed, fought cocks, and raced their neighbours' horses; in short, who promised to be the wonder, the talk, and abomination of the town, had not their stylish career been unfortunately cut short, by an affair of honour with a whipping-post.

'Far other, however, was the truly fashionable gentleman of those days,—his dress, which served for both morning and evening, street and drawing room, was a linsey-woolsey coat, made, perhaps, by the fair hands of the mistress of his affections, and gallantly bedecked with abundance of large brass buttons. Half a score of breeches heightened the proportions of his figure—his shoes were decorated by enormous copper buckles—a low-crowned broad-brimmed hat overshadowed his burly visage, and his hair dangled down his back, in a prodigious queue of eel-skin.

'Thus equipped, he would manfully sally forth with pipe in mouth, to besiege some fair damsel's obdurate heart,—not such a pipe, good reader, as that which Acis did sweetly tune in praise of his Galatea, but one of true delft manufacture, and furnished with a charge of fragrant tobacco. With this would he resolutely set himself down before the fortress, and rarely failed, in the process of time, to smoke the fair enemy into a surrender, upon honourable terms.'

Our readers have seen, in our former extracts, how happily the author satirized the rights of conquest; he is not, we think, less fortunate in his explanation of liberty of conscience, and on the best mode of increasing the population:—

'True it is, and my fidelity as an historian will not allow me to pass it over in silence, that the zeal of these good people, to maintain their rights and privileges unimpaired, did for a while betray them into errors, which it is easier to pardon than to defend. Having served a regular apprenticeship in the school of persecution, it behoved them to show that they had become proficient in the art. They accordingly employed their leisure hours in banishing, scourging, or hanging, divers heretical papists, quakers, and anabaptists, for daring to abuse the liberty of conscience; which they now clearly proved to imply nothing more, than that every man should think as he pleased in matters of religion—provided he thought right; for otherwise it would be giving a latitude to damnable heresies. Now, as they (the majority) were perfectly convinced that *they alone* thought right, it consequently followed, that whoever thought different from them, thought wrong; and whoever thought wrong, and obstinately persisted in not being convinced and converted, was a flagrant violator of the inestimable liberty of conscience, and a corrupt and infectious member of the body politic, and deserved to be lopped off and cast into the fire.

'Now I'll warrant there are hosts of my readers ready at once to lift up their hands and eyes, with that virtuous indignation with which we always contemplate the faults and errors of our neighbours, and to exclaim at these well-meaning but mistaken people, for inflicting on others the injuries they had suffered themselves—for indulging the preposterous idea of convincing the mind by tormenting the body, and establishing the doctrine of charity and forbearance by intolerant persecution. But, in simple truth, what are we doing at this very day, and in this very enlightened nation, but acting upon the very same principle, in our political controversies. Have we not within but a few years released ourselves from the shackles of a government which cruelly denied us the privilege of governing ourselves, and using in full latitude that invaluable member,—the tongue? and are we not at this very moment striving our best to tyrannise over the opinions, tie up the tongues, or ruin the fortunes of one another? What are our great political societies but mere political inquisitions,—our pot-house committees, but little tribunals of denunciation,—our newspapers but mere whipping-posts and pillories, where

unfortunate individuals are pelted with rotten eggs; and our council of appointment, but a grand *auto da fé*, where culprits are annual sacrificed for their political heresies?

'Where, then, is the difference in principle between our measures and those you are so ready to condemn among the people I am treating of? There is none; the difference is merely circumstantial. Thus we *denounce*, instead of banishing,—we *libel*, instead of scourging,—we *turn out of office*, instead of hanging,—and where they burnt an offender in *propria persona*, we either tar or feather or *burn him in effigy*,—this political persecution being, somehow or other, the grand palladium of our liberties, and an incontrovertible proof that this is a *free country*!

'But, notwithstanding the fervent zeal with which this holy war was prosecuted against the whole race of unbelievers, we do not find that the population of this new colony was in any wise hindered thereby; on the contrary, they multiplied to a degree which would be incredible to any man unacquainted with the marvellous fecundity of this growing country.

'This amazing increase may, indeed, be partly ascribed to a singular custom prevalent among them, commonly known by the name of *bundling*,—a superstitious rite observed by the young people of both sexes, with which they usually terminated their festivities; and which was kept up with religious strictness, by the more bigoted and vulgar part of the community. This ceremony was likewise, in those primitive times, considered as an indispensable preliminary to matrimony; their courtships commencing where ours usually finish—by which means they acquired that intimate acquaintance with each other's good qualities before marriage, which has been pronounced by philosophers the sure basis of a happy union. Thus early did this cunning and ingenious people display a shrewdness at making a bargain, which has ever since distinguished them—and a strict adherence to the good old vulgar maxim about "buying a pig in a poke."

'To this sagacious custom, therefore, do I chiefly attribute the unparalleled increase of the yanokie or yankee tribe; for it is a certain fact, well authenticated by court records and parish registers, that wherever the practice of bundling prevailed, there was an amazing number of sturdy brats annually born unto the state, without the license of the law or the benefit of clergy. Neither did the irregularity of their birth operate in the least to their disparagement. On the contrary, they grew up a long-sided, raw-boned, hardy race of whoreson whalers, wood-cutters, fishermen, and pedlars, and strapping corn-fed wenches; who, by their united efforts, tended marvellously towards populating those notable tracts of country called Nantucket, Piscataway, and Cape Cod.'

The 'philosophical reflections on the folly of being happy in times of prosperity,' displays talents which ought to render the writer happy and prosperous for the remainder of his life:—

'If we could but get a peep at the tally of dame Fortune, where, like a notable landlady, she regularly chalks up the debtor and creditor accounts of mankind, we should find that, upon the whole, good and evil are pretty nearly balanced in this world; and that though we may for a long while revel in the very lap of prosperity, the time will at length come when we must ruefully pay off the reckoning. Fortune, in fact, is a pestilent shrew, and withal a most inexorable creditor; for, though she may indulge her favourites in long credits, and overwhelm them with her favours, yet sooner or later she brings up her arrears, with the rigour of an experienced publican, and washes out her scores with their tears. "Since," says good old Boetius, "no man can retain her at his pleasure, and since her flight is so deeply lamented, what are her favours but sure prognostications of approaching trouble and calamity!"

'There is nothing that more moves my contempt at the stupidity and want of reflection of my fellow men, than to behold them rejoicing, and indulging in security and self-confidence, in times of prosperity. To a wise man, who is blessed with

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the light of reason. those are the very moments of anxiety and apprehension; well knowing that, according to the system of things, happiness is at best but transient; and that the higher he is elevated by the capricious breath of fortune, the lower must be his proportionate depression. Whereas he who is overwhelmed by calamity, has the less chance of encountering fresh disasters, as a man at the bottom of a ladder runs very little risk of breaking his neck by tumbling to the top.

'This is the very essence of true wisdom, which consists in knowing when we ought to be miserable, and was discovered much about the same time with that invaluable secret, that "every thing is vanity and vexation of spirit:" in consequence of which maxim, your wise men have ever been the unhappiest of the human race, esteeming it as an infallible mark of genius to be distressed without reason; since any man may be miserable in time of misfortune, but it is the philosopher alone who can discover cause for grief in the very hour of prosperity.'

The remarks on Economy, a cabalistic word, used by William Testy, one of the early governors of New Amsterdam, are full of truth:—

'When pronounced in a national assembly, it has an immediate effect in closing the hearts, beclouding the intellects, drawing the purse strings, and buttoning the breeches-pockets of all philosophic legislators. Nor are its effects on the eyes less wonderful. It produces a contraction of the retina, an obscurity of the crystalline lens, a viscosity of the vitreous, and an inspissation of the aqueous humours, an induration of the tunica sclerotica, and a convexity of the cornea; insomuch that the organ of vision loses its strength and perspicuity, and the unfortunate patient becomes *myopes*, or, in plain English, pur-blind; perceiving only the amount of immediate expense, without being able to look further, and regard it in connection with the ultimate object to be effected. "So that," to quote the words of the eloquent Burke, "a briar at his nose is of greater magnitude than an oak at five hundred yards distance." Such are its instantaneous operations, and the results are still more astonishing. By its magic influence, seventy-fours shrink into frigates, frigates into sloops, and sloops into gun-boats.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

Account of a Tour in Normandy, &c. By Dawson Turner, Esq. A. M., F. R. S., L. S., &c.

[Concluded from p. 647.]

THE second volume of Mr. Turner's valuable work, principally relates to Lower Normandy, and gives a minute account of the architectural antiquities, the traditional history, and the local customs of this province.

At Andelys, where Saint Clotilda founded a very celebrated monastery, the sanctity of which is not lost, there is a valuable specimen of ancient domestic architecture:—

'The Great House is a most sumptuous mansion, evidently of the age of Francis I.; but I could gain no account of its former occupants or history. I must again borrow from my friend's vocabulary, and say, that it is built in the "Burgundian style." In its general outline and character, it resembles the house in the *Place de la Pucelle*, at Rouen. Its walls, indeed, are not covered with the same profusion of sculpture; yet, perhaps, its simplicity is accompanied by greater elegance.—The windows are disposed in three divisions, formed by slender buttresses, which run up to the roof. They are square-headed, and divided by a mullion and transom.—The portal is in the centre: it is formed by a Tudor arch, enriched with deep mouldings, and surmounted by a lofty ogee, ending with a crocketed pinnacle, which transfixes the cornice immediately above, as well as the sill of the win-

dow, and then unites with the mullion of the latter.—The roof takes a very high pitch.—A figured cornice, upon which it rests, is boldly sculptured with foliage.—The chimneys are ornamented by angular buttresses.—All these portions of the building assimilate more or less to our Gothic architecture of the sixteenth century; but a most magnificent oriel window, which fills the whole of the space between the centre and left-hand divisions, is a specimen of pointed architecture in its best and purest style. The arches are lofty and acute. Each angle is formed by a double buttress, and the tabernacles affixed to these are filled with statues. The basement of the oriel, which projects from the flat wall of the house, after the fashion of a bartizan, is divided into compartments, studded with medallions, and intermixed with tracery of great variety and beauty. On either side of the bay, there are flying buttresses of elaborate sculpture, spreading along the wall.—As, comparatively speaking, good models of ancient domestic architecture are very rare, I would particularly recommend this at Andelys to the notice of every architect, whom chance may conduct to Normandy.—This building, like too many others of the same class in our own counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, is degraded from its station. The Great House is used merely as a granary, though, by a very small expense, it might be put into habitable repair. The stone retains its clear and polished surface; and the massy timbers are undecayed.—The inside corresponds with the exterior, in decorations and grandeur: the chimney-pieces are large and elaborate, and there is abundance of sculpture on the ceilings and other parts which admit of ornament.'

In an account of the church of Saint Taurinus at Evreux we are told, that—

'Its monks, like those of the abbey of St. Ouen, had the privilege of receiving every new bishop of the see, on the first day of his arrival at Evreux; and his corpse was deposited in their church, where the funeral obsequies were performed. This privilege, originally intended only as a mark of distinction to the abbey, was on two occasions perverted to a purpose that might scarcely have been expected. Upon the death of Bishop John d'Aubergenville, in 1756, the monks resented the reformation which he had endeavoured to introduce into their order, by refusing to admit his body within their precinct; and, though fined for their obstinacy, they did not learn wisdom by experience, but, forty-three years afterwards, shewed their hostility more decidedly towards the remains of Geoffrey of Bar, a still more determined reformer of monastic abuses. Extreme was the licentiousness which prevailed in those days among the monks of St. Taurinus, and unceasing were the endeavours of the bishop to correct them. The contest continued during his life, at the close of which, they not only shut their doors against his corpse, but dragged it from the coffin and gave it a public flagellation. So gross an act of indecency would in all probability be classed among the many scandalous tales invented of ecclesiastics, but that the judicial proceedings which ensued leave no doubt of its truth; and it was even recorded in the burial register of the cathedral.'

At Bourg-Achard, our traveller witnessed a French wedding, of which he gives the following account:—

'As we were at breakfast this morning, a procession, attended by a great throng, passed our windows, and we were invited by our landlady to go to the church and see the wedding of two of the principal persons of the parish. We accepted the proposal; and, though the same ceremony has been witnessed by thousands of Englishmen, yet I doubt whether it has been described by any one.—The bride was a girl of very interesting appearance, dressed wholly in white: even her shoes were white, and a bouquet of white roses, jessamine, and orange-flowers, was placed in her bosom.—The mayor of the town conducted her to the altar. Previously to the commencement of the service, the priest stated aloud that

the forms required by law, for what is termed the civil marriage, had been completed. It was highly necessary that he should do so; for, according to the present code, a minister of any persuasion, who proceeds to the religious ceremonies of marriage before the parties have been married by the magistrate, is subject to very heavy penalties, to imprisonment, and to transportation. Indeed, going to church at all for the purpose of marriage, is quite a work of supererogation, and may be omitted or not, just as the parties please; the law requiring no other proof of a marriage, beyond the certificate recorded in the municipal registry. After this most important preliminary, the priest exhorted every one present, under pain of excommunication, to declare if they knew of any impediment: this, however, was merely done for the purpose of keeping up the dignity of the church, for the knot was already tied as fast as it ever could be. He then read a discourse upon the sanctity of the marriage compact, and the excellence of the wedded state among the Catholics, compared to what prevailed formerly among the Jews and Heathens, who degraded it by frequent divorces and licentiousness. The parties now declared their mutual consent, and his reverence enjoined each to be to the other "comme un époux fidèle et de lui tenir fidélité en toutes choses."—The ring was presented to the minister by one of the acolytes, upon a gold plate; and, before he directed the bridegroom to place it upon the finger of the lady, he desired him to observe that it was a symbol of marriage.—During the whole of the service, two other acolytes were stationed in front of the bride and bridegroom, each holding in his hands a lighted taper; and near the conclusion, while they knelt before the altar, a pall of flowered brocade was stretched behind them, as emblematic of their union. Holy water was not forgotten; for, in almost every rite of the Catholic church, the mystic sanctification by water and by fire continually occurs.—The ceremony ended by the priest's receiving the sacrament himself, but without administering it to any other individual present. Having taken it, he kissed the paten which had contained the wholly elements, and all the party did the same: each, too, in succession, put a piece of money into a cup, to which we also were invited to contribute, for the love of the Holy Virgin.—They entered by the south door, but the great western portal was thrown open as they left the church; and by that they departed.

Mr. Turner furnishes us with a rather curious specimen of epistolary correspondence: it is a letter, written by the Princess Borghese, sister of Napoleon, to the Empress Marie Louise, by whom it was received, while on a tour through the western departments. The original is in the possession of a learned antiquary, Mr. Dubois, formerly librarian at Alençon, who permitted Mr. Turner to make a copy of it; which he says he has done 'word for word, letter for letter, and point for point.' The following is the letter:—

'Madame et tres chere Sœur,—je recois par le Prince Aldobrandini la lettre de V. M. et la belle tasse dont elle a daigné le charger pour moi au nom de L'empereur, je remercie mille fois votre aimable bonté, et j'ose vous prier ma tres chere sœur d'être auprès de L'empereur l'interprete de ma reconnaissance pour cette marque de souvenir.—je fais parler beaucoup le Prince et la Princesse aldobrandini sur votre santé, sur votre belle grossesse. je ne me lasse pas de les interroger, et je suis heureuse d'apprendre que vous vous portés tres bien, que rien ne vous fatigue, et que vous avés la plus belle grossesse qu'il soit possible de desirer, combien je desire chere sœur que tous nos vœux sois exaucés, ne croyés cependant pas que si vous nous donnés une petite Princesse je ne l'aimerais pas. non, elle nous serait chere, elle ressemblerait a V. M. elle aurait sa douceur, son amabilité, et ce joli caractere qui la fait cherir de ceux qui ont le bonheur de la Connaître—mais ma chere sœur j'ai tort de m'apesantir sur les

qualités dont serait douée cette auguste princesse, vous nous donnerés d'abord un prince un petit Roi de Rome, jugés combien je le desire nos bons toscans prient pour vous, ils vous aiment et je n'ai pas de peine a leur inspirer ce que je sens si vivement.

je vous remercie ma tres chere sœur de l'interest que vous prenez a mon fis, tout le monde dit qu'il ressemble a L'empereur. cela me Charme il est bien portant a present, et j'espere qu'il sera digne de servir sous les drapeaux de son auguste oncle.—adieu ma chere sœur soyés assés bonne pour Conserver un souvenir a une sœur qui vous est tendrement attachée. Napoléon ne cesse de lire la lettre pleine de bonté que V. M. a daigné lui écrire, cela lui a fait sentir le plaisir qu'il y avait a savoir lire, et l'encourage dans ses etudes—je vous embrasse et suis,

Madame et tres chere Sœur de V. M. La plus
attachée et affectionnée sœur

Pitti le 18 janvier 1811

ELISA'

The road from Liseux to Caen lies through a country without interest or beauty. In one part of it there is a hollow or dale, which bore the ominous name of '*Coupe Gorge*.'

'When Napoléon was last in Normandy, he inquired into the origin of the appellation.—"The diligences," he was answered, "had often been stopped and robbed in this solitary pass."—Napoléon then said, "If one person can be made to settle here, more will follow, for it is conveniently situated between two good towns. Let the prefect buy a little plot of ground and build a house upon it, and give it to an old soldier, upon condition that he shall constantly reside in it with his family." The orders of Napoléon were obeyed. The old soldier opened an inn, other houses arose round it, and the cut-throat pass is now thoroughly secure. The conductor and the post-boy tell the tale with glee whilst they drive through the hamlet; and its humble dwellings will perhaps recal the memory and fame of Napoléon Buonaparte, when the brazen column of the grand army, and the marble arch of the Thuilleries, shall have been long levelled with the ground.'

The ancient name of one of the streets in Caen, *Rue de la Cerroisiere*, distinctly proves the habits of beer-drinking in Normandy; and the province is now famous for its cider, which is the principal beverage of the lower classes. The following details respecting the funeral of William the Conqueror, at Caen, have never before appeared in an English dress.

'The king's decease was the signal for general consternation throughout the metropolis of Normandy. The citizens, panic struck, ran to and fro, as if intoxicated, or as if the town were upon the point of being taken by assault. Each asked counsel of his neighbour, and each anxiously turned his thoughts to the concealing of his property. When the alarm had in some measure subsided, the monks and clergy made a solemn procession to the abbey of St. Georges, where they offered their prayers for the repose of the soul of the departed Duke; and Archbishop William commanded that the body should be carried to Caen, to be interred in the church of St. Stephen, which William had founded. But the lifeless king was now deserted by all who had participated in his munificence and bounty. Every one of his brethren and relations had left him; nor was there even a servant to be found to perform the last offices to his departed lord. The care of the obsequies was finally undertaken by Herluin, a knight of that district, who, moved by the love of God and the honour of his nation, provided at his own expense, embalmers and bearers and a hearse, and conveyed the corpse to the Seine, whence it was carried by land and water to the place of its destination.

'Upon the arrival of the funeral train at Caen, it was met by Gislebert, bishop of Evreux, then abbot of St. Stephen's,

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at the head of his monks, attended with a numerous throng of clergy and laity; but scarcely had the bier been brought within the gates, when the report was spread that a dreadful fire had broken out in another part of the town, and the Duke's remains were a second time deserted. The monks alone remained; and, fearful and irresolute, they bore their founder "with candle, with book, and with knell," to his last home. Ordericus Vitalis enumerates the principal prelates and barons assembled upon this occasion; but he makes no mention of the Conqueror's son, Henry, who, according to William of Jumieges, was the only one of the family that attended, and was also the only one worthy of succeeding to such a father.—Mass had now been performed, and the body was about to be committed to the ground, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," when, previously to this closing part of the ceremony, Gislebert mounted the pulpit, and delivered an oration in honour of the deceased.—He praised his valour, which had so widely extended the limits of the Norman dominion; his ability, which had elevated the nation to the highest pitch of glory; his equity in the administration of justice; his firmness in correcting abuses; and his liberality towards the monks and clergy; then, finally, addressing the people, he besought them to intercede with the Almighty for the soul of their prince, and to pardon whatsoever transgression he might have been guilty of towards any of them.—At this moment, one Asselin, an obscure individual, starting from the crowd, exclaimed with a loud voice, "the ground upon which you are standing, was the site of my father's dwelling. This man, for whom you ask our prayers, took it by force from my parent; by violence he seized, by violence he retained it; and, contrary to all law and justice, he built upon it this church, where we are assembled. Publicly, therefore, in the sight of God and man, do I claim my inheritance, and protest against the body of the plunderer being covered with my turf."—The appeal was attended with instant effect; bishops and nobles united in their entreaties to Asselin; they admitted the justice of his claim; they pacified him; they paid him sixty shillings on the spot by way of recompence for the place of sepulture; and, finally, they satisfied him for the rest of the land.

'But the remarkable incidents doomed to attend upon this burial were not yet at an end; for, at the time when they were laying the corpse in the sarcophagus, and were bending it with some force, which they were compelled to do, in consequence of the coffin having been made too short, the body, which was extremely corpulent, burst, and so intolerable a stench issued from the grave, that all the perfumes which arose from all the censers of the priests and acolytes, were of no avail; and the rites were concluded in haste, and the assembly, struck with horror, returned to their homes.

'The latter part of this story accords but ill with what De Bourgueville relates. We learn from this author, that, four hundred and thirty years subsequent to the death of the Conqueror, a Roman cardinal, attended by an archbishop and bishop, visited the town of Caen, and that his eminence having expressed a wish to see the body of the duke, the monks yielded to his curiosity, and the tomb was opened, and the corpse discovered in so perfect a state, that the cardinal caused a portrait to be taken from the lifeless features.—It is not worth while now to inquire into the truth of this story, or the fidelity of the resemblance. The painting has disappeared in the course of time: it hung for a while against the walls of the church, opposite to the monument; but it was stolen during the tumults caused by the Huguenots, and was broken into two pieces, in which state De Bourgueville saw it a few years afterwards, in the hands of a Calvinist, one Peter Hodé, the gaoler at Caen, who used it in the double capacity of a table and a door.—The worthy magistrate states, that he kept the picture, "because the abbey-church was demolished."

'He was himself present at the second violation of the royal tomb, in 1572; and he gives a piteous account of the

transaction. The monument raised to the memory of the Conqueror, by his son, William Rufus, under the superintendence of Lanfranc, was a production of much costly and elaborate workmanship: the shrine, which was placed upon the mausoleum, glittered with gold and silver and precious stones. To complete the whole, the effigy of the king had been added to the tomb, at some period subsequent to its original erection.—A monument like this naturally excited the rapacity of a lawless banditti, unrestrained by civil or military force, and inveterate against every thing that might be regarded as connected with the Catholic worship.—The Calvinists were masters of Caen, and, incited by the information of what had taken place at Rouen, they resolved to repeat the same outrages. Under the specious pretext of abolishing idolatrous worship, they pillaged and ransacked every church and monastery: they broke the painted windows and organs, destroyed the images, stole the ecclesiastical ornaments, sold the shrines, committed pulpits, chests, books, and whatever was combustible, to the fire; and finally, after having wreaked their vengeance upon every thing that could be made the object of it, they went boldly to the town-hall to demand the wages for their labours.—In the course of these outrages, the tomb of the Conqueror at one abbey, and that of Matilda at the other, were demolished. And this was not enough; but a few days afterwards, the same band returned, allured by the hopes of farther plunder. It was customary in ancient times to deposit treasures of various kinds in the tombs of sovereigns, as if the feelings of the living passed into the next stage of existence:—

" ————— quæ gratia currum
" Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
" Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos."

The bees that adorned the imperial mantle of Napoléon were found in the tomb of Childeric. A similar expectation excited the Huguenots, at Caen. They dug up the coffin: the hollow stone rung to the strokes of their daggers: the vibration proved that it was not filled by the corpse; and nothing more was wanted to seal its destruction.

'De Bourgueville, who went to the spot and exerted his eloquence to check this last act of violence, witnessed the opening of the coffin. It contained the bones of the king, wrapped up in red taffety, and still in tolerable preservation: but nothing else. He collected them with care, and consigned them to one of the monks of the abbey, who kept them in his chamber, till the Admiral de Châtillon entered Caen at the head of his mercenaries, on which occasion the whole abbey was plundered, and the monks put to flight, and the bones lost.—"Sad doings, these," says de Bourgueville, "et bien peu réformez!"—He adds, that one of the thigh-bones was preserved by the Viscount of Falaise, who was there with him, and begged it from the rioters, and that this bone was longer by four fingers' breadth than that of a tall man. The bone, thus preserved, was re-interred, after the cessation of the troubles. it is the same that is alluded to in the inscription, which also informs us that a monument was raised over it in 1642, but was removed in 1742, it being then considered as an incumbrance in the choir.'

The Bayeux tapestry, so imperfectly described by French artists, has been lately in the hands of Mr. C. A. Stothard, who is expected, in a short time, to give engravings from his correct drawings of it.

'Till the revolution, the tapestry was always kept in the cathedral, in a chapel on the south side, dedicated to Thomas à Becket, and was only exposed to public view once a-year, during the octave of the feast of St. John, on which occasion it was hung up in the nave of the church, which it completely surrounded. From the time thus selected for the display of it, the tapestry acquired the name of *le toile de Saint Jean*; and it is to the present day commonly so called in the city. During the most stormy part of the revolution, it was secreted; but it was brought to Paris when the fury of

vandalism had subsided. And, when the first Consul was preparing for the invasion of England, this ancient trophy of the subjugation of the British nation was proudly exhibited to the gaze of the Parisians, who saw another Conqueror in Napoleon Buonaparté; and many well-sounding effusions, in prose and verse, appeared, in which the laurels of Duke William were transferred, by anticipation, to the brows of the child and champion of Jacobinism. After this display, Buonaparté returned the tapestry to the municipality, accompanied by a letter, in which he thanked them for the care they had taken of so precious a relic. From that period, to the present, it has remained in the residence appropriated to the mayor, the former episcopal palace; and here we saw it.

'It is a piece of brownish linen cloth, about two hundred and twelve feet long, and eighteen inches wide, French measure. The figures are worked with worsted of different colours, but principally light red, blue, and yellow. The historical series is included between borders composed of animals, &c. The colours are faded, but not so much so as might have been expected. The figures exhibit a regular line of events, commencing with Edward the Confessor seated upon his throne, in the act of dispatching Harold to the court of the Norman Duke, and continued through Harold's journey, his capture by the Comte de Ponthieu, his interview with William, the death of Edward, the usurpation of the British throne by Harold, the Norman invasion, the battle of Hastings, and Harold's death. These various events are distributed into seventy-two compartments, each of them designated by an inscription in Latin. Ducarel justly compares the style of the execution to that of a girl's sampler. The figures are covered with work, except on their faces, which are merely in outline. In point of drawing, they are superior to the contemporary sculpture at St. George's and elsewhere; and the performance is not deficient in energy. The colours are distributed rather fancifully: thus the fore and off legs of the horses are varied. It is hardly necessary to observe that perspective is wholly disregarded, and that no attempt is made to express light and shadow.

'Great attention, however, is paid to costume; and more individuality of character has been preserved than could have been expected, considering the rude style of the workmanship. The Saxons are represented with long mustachios: the Normans have their upper lip shaven, and retain little more hair upon their heads than a single lock in front.—Historians relate how the English spies reported the invading army to be wholly composed of ecclesiastics; and this tapestry affords a graphical illustration of the chroniclers' text. Not the least remarkable feature of the tapestry, in point of costume, lies in the armour, which, in some instances, is formed of interlaced rings; in others, of square compartments; and in others, of lozenges. Those who contend for the antiquity of Duke William's equestrian statue at Caen, may find a confirmation of their opinions in the shape of the saddles assigned to the figures of the Bayeux tapestry; and equally so in their cloaks, and their pendant braided tresses.

'The tapestry is coiled round a cylinder, which is turned by a winch and wheel; and it is rolled and unrolled with so little attention, that if it continues under such management as the present, it will be wholly ruined in the course of half a century. It is injured at the beginning: towards the end it becomes very ragged, and several of the figures have completely disappeared. The worsted is unravelling too in many of the intermediate portions. As yet, however, it is still in good preservation, considering its great age, though, as I have just observed, it will not long continue so. The bishop and chapter have lately applied to government, requesting that the tapestry may be restored to the church. I hope their application will be successful.'

Our limits will not permit of further extracts; we have, therefore, only to add, in addition to the high opinion that we have already expressed of this work; that the plates, which are very numerous, are well executed.

Many of them, we believe, are from drawings by Mr. Turner's lady, and engraved by his daughter. No wonder a family, in which genius seems inherent, should produce one of the most interesting works of the present day.

Sheffield Park: a Descriptive Poem. By John Holland, pp. 44. 1820.

AN eminent divine once said, 'that ministers were often obliged to read works which they could not recommend to their congregation;' this is precisely our case. Like bees, in the field of literature, we have to fly from flower to flower, to extract what we think will be valuable for our hive, and to treasure our collection to the best of our ability. In this industrious pursuit we are weekly engaged, and if the produce of wax and honey collected from a variety of sources are sufficient to repay our readers for their attention, our labours are amply rewarded. But how many poisons do we find scattered with the sweets; or, dropping our metaphor, how many books do we read through without being able to select one judicious passage?

The name of a park always gives us pleasant emotions, because we are sure there are many historical and local virtues in it;—in such a spot the Druids dwelt, and sang their devotional orgies;—it was in a park that Chaucer 'tagged his ancient rhyme,'—that Pope immortalized his muse; and, we are happy to say, that Mr. Holland has given us a delightful and chaste description of 'Sheffield Park,' in which are delineated the character of the hermit and his hermitage, in language that would not injure the name of Auburn's descriptive bard, or even the venerable Crabbe. As we must be brief in our remarks and extracts, we give one or two specimens, with an assurance that our friends will not rest satisfied without obtaining the poem, which is full of pathos and vivid delineation.

Of the hermit:—

'He so adorn'd and cultur'd this recess,
It seem'd a paradise of loveliness,
Where man liv'd pure as when his race began,
And birds and beasts forgot their fear of man;
No flesh he tasted, hence no bow he drew,—
Nor snar'd with springes, nor with missiles slew;
In winter, roots he ate and glowing hips
Bright as the ruby's tinge or beauty's lips;
From summer boughs the salvage fruit he shook,
Cull'd the spring's salad-herbs that fring'd the brook,—
Pick'd mimic grapes where no vine tendrils clasp,
From humble thorns, the bramble and the rasp.'

Of his hermitage:—

'Trees closely rang'd, the square inclosure bound,
Their lateral boughs transvers'd and interwound;
Aloft, their waving heads were knit to form
A screen from suns and shelter from the storm;
Each parasitic plant he next uptrains,
To make his home impervious to the rains;
Then warp'd the ivy's tendrils thro' the roof,
And with young woodbines thrud the living woof;
The wrens and robins build around the eaves,
Their pendent palaces of moss and leaves.'

But there is a sweetly pathetic story connected with this, which the hermit relates to a 'wandering pair' who approach his cell, and very strongly resembles the beautiful episodes of Montgomery's *Greenlanders*. Thus,—

'One night, at dusk, a gallant buck I spied,
His head attir'd with lofty branching pride;
One such I sought; and as he stoop'd to slake
His parching thirst, and bathe him in the lake,

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Slow I approach'd and bent th' elastic yew;
Swift to its mark the whirring missile flew;
From the swoln veins some crimson drops it drank,
Graz'd this, and issued o'er the further flank;
But off he bounded, while his spreading horns
Crash'd thro' the thicket's underwood of thorns.
Instant I heard a shriek!—my tottering knees
Scarce bore me past the intervening trees,
O spare recital of what then I felt!
There on the ground my dear Louisa knelt,
And ere she saw the stricken creature bleed,
Her panting breast receiv'd the unspent reed;—
'Have mercy, heaven!'—no other words she spoke,
But cast on me a sweet forgiving look;
In vain I strove t' extract the bleeding dart,
Its fangs of death had anchor'd in her heart;
Fast from its secret lodgments life retir'd,
She gasp'd,—she sank,—and in my arms expir'd!

I laid her on the grass, now stain'd with blood,
And o'er the corse in speechless torpor stood;
The fresh sprung daisies dripp'd with gore, that here
Pied her green hassock, now her crimson bier;
And, had you seen,—O you had guest my hand
Had in her breast just plung'd the assassin's brand;
Fierce as the wolf stands scowling on the plain,
O'er his torn quivering ravine newly slain;
But soon o'erflow'd my agony of soul,
And feeling burst beyond the mind's controul;
I mourn'd and wept aloud, severe and brief,
O'er her unburied form my term of grief.

No time for formal obsequies allow'd,
For funeral requiem, nor embroidered shroud,
No female hands her tender lips dispos'd,
Nor costly unguents with her cere-cloth clos'd;
No precious drugs nor fragrant wood perfumes,
Nor torch, nor canopy, nor sable plumes:
I par'd the sward, and dug that grave you see,
Upheav'd and flower'd beneath the lofty tree;
No priest pronounc'd the benedictory rite;
The earth receiv'd her ere retir'd the light;
But ever since, at matins, I address'd
A pray'r for her departed spirit's rest.'

The dedication and notes which accompany this poem are worthy of their author, and, with the exception of a few imitations and trifling blemishes, we conceive Sheffield Park to be a very elegant and sweet production.

Original Communications.

A REJECTED POEM.

[Our readers will scarcely need to be informed, that among the numerous communications with which we are honoured, a considerable portion do not appear to us of sufficient merit, and that they are consigned to a different scrutoire from that in which our more favoured communications are placed. A literary friend, a few days ago, suspecting that our judgment might not always be correct, requested leave to peep into our rejected Portfolio. This being permitted, he ransacked over no inconsiderable pile of paper, when he at length discovered a poem, perfectly unique, but the beauties of which had escaped us. Our friend, fearing that some of our readers, like ourselves, might not perceive the merits of this poem at first sight, has written a critical review of it, in which its beauties are distinctly pointed out. The author, whose modesty has prevented him from affixing his name to this sublime composition, is a Mr. John Taylor; and we feel much pleasure in making him first

known to the public, and thus planting on the brows of living genius that wreath with which posterity will adorn the bust.—Ed.]

ON HEAREING ST. PAULLS BELL STRIKE THREE.

Soft behold the bell beats three
Some horrid thoughts arise in me
The Sound fortells some Dismall knell
To toll the murderrer Down to hell
Before my eyes i see him stand
As if to raise his bloody hand
To cut me Down for blood i shead
In cutting off the infants head
I laught to see the baby struggle
When i broke his thigh and Nuckle
I ground his bones felt not its paines
But like a Nero mashed its braines
And put them in a mortar stone
And with a pestle beat them Down
While i with pestle in my hand
I saw a man before me stand
With gashfull visage he pearc'd my soul
I heard the Dread full thunder roal
His eyes Did shine like Stars of fire
His head was like a tapering spire
With Dart in hand he thus Did say
This Night i'll take your life away
Alas for mercy i did call
He Dashed my body against the wall
And plucked my heart out from its Place
And laid it down before my face
Though Bloody Nero he Did Say
To hell thou Shall go Down Straite way
And fire and brimstone shall be thy bed
For cutting of the infants head

STRANGER.

It was the observation of a philosopher, that the great mass of men and things are neither good nor bad; this may be well enough, taken generally, but all critics, both ancient and modern, from Horace down to Cowper, deny the existence of mediocrity in verse. Southey and Willie Wordsworth have, perhaps, as many admirers as persons who think their poetry not worth a fig; all class them amongst either good or bad poets, for, as Cowper says,—

'God and man and lettered past denies,
That poets ever were of middling size.'

Yet, as we shall prove, by the poem before us, in verse all is gold or tinsel, the great misfortune is, that the sublime is only divided from the ridiculous by so faint a line, as to be imperceptible to many,—and even critics themselves have often mistaken it. It is, however, our rare lot to review a poem on which there can be only one opinion, and it is only necessary for us to point out its beauties for them to be duly appreciated. But it is not its sublimity alone that we are called on to admire. The *fiat lux et lux fuit* of Genesis, and the *quil maurut* of Corneille, are standards of this nature; but, after all, 'Let there be light and there was light,' merely marks the power and benevolence of omnipotence, and 'he should have died,' merely shews, that in a Roman breast, his country's glory triumphed over paternal feeling; but these examples of the sublime are merely sublime; there is neither that art, invention, nor originality about them, which strikes us in every passage of the poem under review,—

'On hearing St. Paul's bell strike three.'

Every thing is excellent by comparison only; now we all recollect the expression of Young that has been so often quoted and admired, 'the bell strikes one, we take no note, and twice, &c.' Well, admire this passage as much

as we may, we shall be obliged to confess that by Cocker alone, (who is the surest guide in all matters of calculation,) it can clearly be demonstrated that the bell striking three is thrice as sublime as 'the bell strikes one;' let it be added, too, that it is St. Paul's bell that strikes three. Young would have given his ears to have had so sublime an idea. Young again says, 'we take no note of time;' the *we* in this case, means, no doubt, *I*; ergo, Mr. John Taylor, who does take note of time, so exactly as to calculate (perhaps by algebra.) 'the hour the clock doth strike,' proves himself to be far superior, both as a poet and as a man, to Dr. Young.

'Soft! behold! the bell beats three,
Some horrid thoughts arise in me,
The sound foretells some dismal knell
To toll the murderer down to hell.'

'Soft! behold!' a common reader would pass over the mild beauties of this double imperative; it is the military word attention, divested of the asperity of command; it is simple, mild, impressive, and inviting,—it is more, it is classical; in a word, it is Horatian. Had he said only *soft*, our ears only were invoked, but he adds, behold!—it is the very *ut pictura poesis* of Horace; it is simple, and can we doubt his having another precept of this just master in his eye,—

'Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclicus olim,
Fortunam Priami centabo, et nobile bellum.'

The bell *beats* three—the bell, few even of our most elegant writers are happy in the conversion of articles into pronouns; but Mr. Taylor is highly so, and we congratulate him upon it, as well as in his good taste: how beautifully the bell and *beats* replace *St. Paul's* and *strikes*.

'Some horrid thoughts arise in me,'—here we are at once in *medias res*, according to the classical rule.

'The sound foretells, &c.'—Who that has been to see a melo drama performed does not feel struck with the natural beauty of this passage. The orchestra always prepares you for or foretells the character of the commencing scene, this expression is—

'nature to advantage drest,
What oft was thought but ne'er so well exprest.'

'To toll the murderer down to hell.'—The English language is enriched with a new idiom; we had before 'knock him down,' 'kick him down,' 'cut him down,' 'write him down,' &c.; but it was reserved for Mr. John Taylor to insert the beautiful epithet, 'toll him down.'

'Before my eyes I see him stand
As if to raise his bloody hand
To cut me down for blood I shed
In cutting off the infants head.'

Mr. Taylor has the authority of Voltaire for not writing the pronoun *I* with a capital letter,—higher need not be sought.—'Shed,'—this word being, as every body knows, homonymous with head, it would be ridiculous to assert that Mr. Taylor's orthography ought not to be adopted as well as in 'cutting;' we are quite sure Mr. Todd will not be silly enough to double the consonant to form the present participle, after he has Mr. Taylor's authority to the contrary; if he does, he must consent to be accounted both ignorant and obstinate.

'I laught to see the baby struggle
When I broke his thigh and *nuckle*.'

This poem, highly as we admire it, has some defects. Mr.

Taylor is hurried away by his genius, so that he is not always clear; for instance, we are not quite sure from the text, whether it was not Mr. Taylor who broke the baby's thigh and *nuckle*, for, he says, he saw the murderer before him stand ready to cut him down for cutting off the baby's head. Conviction flashes upon us,—it must be so, he, John Taylor, is the murderer;—we cannot proceed, we cannot praise,—we therefore abandon the task until his trial for the murder, when it will be our duty to urge the beauties of the poem, a proof that the fury of the Pytho-ness, when placed on the tripod, is no fable, and that the person is no way accountable for whatever he may commit under the inspiration of Apollo. EBOR.

THE FALLS OF TALLULAH.

OF all the wonders of nature, few have higher claims to admiration than the Falls of Tallulah. The stream which gives name to these falls, is called by the Indians, Tallulah, and by the whites, Turoree. It takes its rise in the north-west part of the state of Georgia, in the United States of America, and runs a south-west course until it forms a junction with the Tugalo, a principal branch of the Savannah. The width of the Turoree cannot be correctly ascertained at the falls, its banks being very high and craggy; but it is supposed to be from forty to fifty yards wide. It is likewise difficult to say what its depth would be on an average; for the current is much obstructed by enormous rocks, which have precipitated themselves from the eminences, and formed several large reservoirs along the channel. The whole distance of the descent is about three hundred feet. The quantity of water discharged over these precipices, is sufficient to form a considerable river.

Strange as it may seem, this sublime production of nature was unknown to the civilized world until the year 1819!

In point of romantic scenery and grandeur, these falls will ever mock the pride of the Niagara, notwithstanding its vast flood of water. Never did the eye gaze on a scene of such wild irregularity and awful sublimity, as nature has here displayed. Its banks are seen rising to the height of five hundred feet; their pinnacles menacing the skies, and their massy cliffs frowning on the frightful abyss below! Perilous, indeed, is the descent down into this subterraneous region. Few have had the hardihood to attempt an enterprize so dangerous. Those who have, were compelled to effect their passage by crawling and winding along the curvatures of the banks, making use of every shrub and tree to aid them down.

Allured by the beauty of the surrounding landscape, the unwary spectator advances with pleasure to the very brink of the precipice. Then suddenly a most horrid cavern threatens to devour him, and from which he instantly retires to a cautious distance.

A profusion of every thing novel, beautiful, and sublime, is arranged around the observer. He feels as if he was occupying enchanted ground. His eyes are charmed with the grand spectacle of nature, which rise in view before him, and his ears are stunned with the loud roar of water, whose foaming billows rebound as if anxious to ascend the precipice.

21st August.

H. E. W.

The Instructress,

No. IV.

ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY OF CHARACTERS AND HIEROGLYPHICS.

THE writing of characters that express words, is properly stiled *Stenography*. This art consists in the contrivance of such figures for several syllables, as may easily be joined together in one form, according as different words shall require. Thus, it is usual to represent any proper name by some such uncommon character, as may contain in it all the letters of that name, for which it is intended. Of this nature was that angular figure so much used by the Grecians of old, which might be resolved into the letters *υγια*.

This mark was esteemed so sacred amongst the ancients, that Antiochus Soter, a perpetual conqueror, always stamped it upon his coin and inscribed it on his ensigns; unto which he pretended to be admonished in a dream, by an apparition of Alexander the Great. And there are many superstitious women, even in the present times, who believe this to be so lucky a character, that they always work it upon the swaddling clothes of their young children, thinking thereby to make them more healthful and prosperous in their lives. Unto this kind, also, some refer the characters that are used in magic, which are maintained to have not only a secret signification, but likewise a natural efficacy. This short-hand writing is now so ordinary a practice, there does not require any given examples in this inquiry for elucidation. In ancient times, it was not so frequently used, but then there was a two-fold kind of it,—private—public.

These private characters were practised by the Roman magistrates, and others of eminent favour amongst them; who, being often importuned to write in the commendation of those persons they knew not, were fain to agree upon some secret notes, whereby their *serious* epistles might be distinguished from those of *form*; whence the proverb arose,—

‘De meliori nota commendare.’

The other characters of public and common use are explained in ‘*De Literis Antiquis*,’ and Janus Gusturus has compiled a dictionary of them. St. Austin observes, from the practice of these, the word *notarius** is derived.

The first invention of them is commonly ascribed to Tyro, who was a servant to Cicero. But Trithemius affirms that Cicero himself wrote a treatise on this subject, which was afterwards augmented by St. Cyprian; and that he had found in an old library, the copy of a psalter written by an uneducated person.

Peter Draconus attributes the first invention of these to the old poet Ennius, whose beginnings in this kind afterwards received successive additions from the works of Tyro, Philargius, Aquilæ, and Seneca, the father, by whom they were increased to the number of 5000.

But Hermannus Hugo, a Jesuit, will have this short-hand writing to be of far more ancient use; affirming that David alludes to the practice of it in that phrase, Psalm 45, 1, ‘The pen of a ready writer;’ and that the writing upon the wall, Dan. 5, 25, which so puzzled the Chaldean wizards, was described in such kind of characters. But

whether this were so or not, is of no consequence: it is sufficiently pertinent that the use of these word-characters may well enough conduce to the secrecy of any written document.

The third and last sort of signs that have been anciently used for the expression of things and notions, are either hieroglyphics or emblems.

1. Concerning hieroglyphics. The word signifies, *sacred sculptures*, which were engraven upon pillars, obelisks, pyramids, and other monuments, before the invention of letters. Thus, the Egyptians usually expressed their minds, by the pictures of such creatures as bore the resemblance to the thing intended. By the shape of the *bee*, they represented a king, intimating that he should be endowed with *industry*, *honey*, and a *sting*. By a *serpent*, with his tail in his mouth, the *year* which returns into itself. By the figure of the cross, *vitam eternam*, eternal life. Moses was expert in this art. Pythagorus underwent many difficulties to be admitted unto the understanding of this art. Plutarch speaks of a temple in Egypt, dedicated to Minerva, in the front of which there was placed the image of an *infant*, an *old man*, and a *hawk*, by which they represented God; a *fish*, the expression of *hatred*; and a *sea-horse*, the common hieroglyphic of impudence.

Of this nature were those presents sent unto Darius, when he was almost wearied in his war against the Scythians; which were, a *bird*, a *mouse*, a *frog*, and certain *arrows*, intimating, that unless the Persians could fly as *birds*, or hide themselves under water as *frogs*, or inhabit the caverns of the earth as *mice*, they could not escape the Scythian arrows. Of this kind, also, were some military signs among the Romans. When any thing was to be carried with silence or secrecy, they lifted up the representation of the *minotaur*; thereby teaching the captains, that their counsels and contrivances must be as inextricable as a labyrinth, which is feigned to be the habitation of that monster.

2. Like unto these hieroglyphics are the expressions by emblems. They were usually inserted as ornaments upon vessels of gold, and other matters of state and pleasure. Of this nature are the stamps of many ancient medals, the impresses of arms, and the frontispieces of books. These are chiefly of two kinds: First, *natural*; which are grounded upon some resemblance in the property and essence of the things themselves. So a dolphin, which is a swift creature, being described upon an anchor, which serves for the stay and rest of a ship, signifies *festinalente*, deliberation in counsel and dispatch in execution; a young stork carrying the old one, *filial gratitude*. Secondly, *historical*;—those that refer to common relation. So the picture of Prometheus, gnawed by a vulture, signifies the desert of overmuch curiosity; Phaeton, the folly of rashness; Narcissus, the punishment of self-love. It was formerly esteemed a great sign of wit and invention, to convey handsomely any noted saying under such kind of expressions. In addition to the foregoing information, many instances might be cited in modern history of ingenious authors, who are conspicuously clever, but these would exceed the space prescribed for

THE INSTRUCTRESS.

* A notary, a scrivener, or clerk.—RIDER.

Original Criticisms

ON THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS OF THE THEATRES
ROYAL, DRURY-LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

No. II.—Mr. KEAN.

‘None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy.’—*Shakespeare.*

SINCE the days of the immortal Garrick, the stage has never possessed such a decided theatrical genius as the gentleman, whose merits and defects, as an actor, we are now about to canvass. Frequent and various have been the revolutions, in the dramatic world, during the last half century; scarcely twelve years have elapsed since we beheld our theatres basking in the sunshine of popular favour, supported and adorned by men of real genius and first-rate talent; but, from the year 1811 till the spring of 1814, when Mr. Kean added another bright star to the dramatic hemisphere, the stage was nightly deteriorating, and ruin—inevitable ruin, was rapidly approaching. It was at this period then, that Mr. Kean burst upon us like the refulgent sun peering forth from the dark and murky clouds which had obscured its brilliancy; it was at this period that he not only was the means of preserving Drury Lane, but of restoring it to the proud pre-eminence which it has, so justly, enjoyed in the days of his great predecessor. Upon Mr. Kean's first appearance, in Shylock, we hailed him as a promising actor, who was likely, in time, to attain the highest honours in his profession, though we must confess, that we were not entirely of the general opinion that he was ‘all in all sufficient;’ little did we, at that time, imagine that he would ever have become the finest actor of modern times,—we thought that, in many instances, ‘he o’erstepped the modesty of nature,’ his starts were too often repeated, his pauses too protracted, he appeared entirely to forget that ‘sunt certi denique fines, quos ultra citra que nequit consistere rectum;’—he was likewise unmindful that—

‘The best things carried to excess are wrong,
‘The start may be too frequent, pause too long,’

Having made these few general observations, we shall now proceed to criticise some of Mr. Kean's principal performances. We should, of course, commence with Richard III., which the universal voice of that ‘many headed monster, the town,’ has long pronounced to be his masterpiece; his unrivalled personation of the crook-backed tyrant has been so fully and justly caressed, that not a single point remains open for criticism,—it is, in a word, the most perfect piece of acting of the day; we shall, therefore, quit it to speak of his Hamlet, which, as a whole, was very far inferior to his Richard; still there were some touches worthy of his great genius. On bidding Ophelia ‘Go to a nunnery,’ he rushed towards her and kissed her hand, which, though extremely affecting, was highly unnatural; many of his soliloquies, particularly that on death, were remarkably good; his meeting with Laertes at the grave of his ‘Lady Love,’ and his fencing scene were inimitable. The general representation, however, of the Dane was flat, and, certainly, failed in interest; in a word, it was by no means equal to the Hamlet of Messrs. Young, Rae, or Kemble. We come now to his Othello, on the performance of which there have been so many contending opinions.—It certainly was in part indescribably fine.—His look of agony, and the peculiar tone of voice in which he uttered, ‘Ha! false to me! to me!’ and ‘I found not

Cassio's kisses on her lips,’ &c., and, indeed, the whole of the scene in which the diabolical machinations of his ancient, begin to work upon his unsuspecting nature, were equal, if not superior, to any of the efforts of this sublime tragedian, nor was the whole of the fifth act less admirable; yet with all these beauties, beauties in part never equalled, his figure was wanting in the importance which we always (though perhaps foolishly) attach to the commanding Moor, and, in some scenes, we thought him very unimpressive.—In Macbeth, he was far from being successful, the scene in which he perpetrates the murder of Duncan was the only one which we can remember with any pleasure; we had, besides, too recently seen Mr. John Kemble in the part, whose equal in the ambitious Thane we can never expect to behold. Mr. Kean's Penruddock and Coriolanus may share in nearly the same remarks; in some characters, particularly that which required sublimity or grandeur, Mr. J. Kemble has never had an equal; his mysterious Penruddock, the temporary misanthropist, was replete with nature, dignity, and feeling; his masterly delineation of the noble Roman Coriolanus, perhaps the finest in his whole range of characters, will never be out done; in characters of this nature and one or two others, Mr. Kean must ‘hide his diminished head,’ and be content to be as far Mr. Kemble's inferior, as he is his superior in Richard III, Othello, Sir Giles Overreach, King Lear, &c. &c. In Sforza, Mr. Kean elicited some beauties, but the play in itself was heavy, and had but an ephemeral existence.—In Alexander the Great, Jaffier, the Hebrew, Zanga, Bajazet, Leon, Carib Chief, and Oroonoko, though he did not increase, he lost none of his well-earned reputation. His Bertram, taking it as a whole, was very good; his last scene with the Prior may be ranked among his finest performances. Parts of Richard II. were played in his very best manner; indeed, but for his exquisite acting, the play, although admirably suited for the closet, would scarcely have been tolerated on the stage, from its immense length; and we may fairly attribute the success which attended its revival solely to Mr. Kean. His Hotspur was unworthy his great reputation, he entirely lost sight of the gallant nobility which characterises the fiery and ‘gunpowder Percy;’ the scene with his wife, and his meeting with Prince Henry, before the battle, were the only things deserving favourable mention. We turn with pleasure to his Brutus, which he sustained with unusual ability. His sudden transition from perfect inanity and idiocy to the full exercise of his reason, was admirable, though perhaps, rather too highly coloured. The half suppressed indignation with which he listens to Tarquin's declaration of his crime, and the attitude in which he places himself during the recital, are beyond all praise. His whole performance of Sir Edward Mortimer deserves most favourable mention. But it was in Sir Giles Overreach that Mr. Kean was so eminently successful: he clothed the character in every appropriate power, in a way that never can be exceeded; he entered so far into the spirit of the character that you forgot Mr. Kean, and saw, heard, thought of nothing but Sir Giles. We cannot pay him a higher compliment than by comparing his pronunciation of ‘My nephew,’ with J. Kemble's ‘Boy’ in Coriolanus. His Reuben Glenroy, though a character entirely different from those in which we had been accustomed to behold him, was admirable; the scene with his brother, who is about to commit suicide, drew down torrents of applause.

We are obliged to be candid in our remarks, and although it gives us pain to point out defects, yet, in our critical capacity, we must be impartially just; we must confess then, that we never saw a more lamentable failure than Mr. Kean's *Romeo*; it may, perhaps, appear strange, that after all 'the witchery of the winning tongue,' exhibited to such perfection in *Richard III.*, he should have so entirely lost himself in *Romeo*; he was deficient in grace, elegance, and every requisite for gaining the fair lady's love; his utterance of the word 'banishment' was the only thing that produced the least effect throughout the whole of the part. What injudicious advisers could have urged Mr. Kean to attempt (for it was nothing more,) the character of the Duke Aranza, in which he made himself ridiculous, and excited nothing but contempt? Instead of the native elegance of a man of rank, we were disgusted by the affected airs of an upstart dancing master; and the rusticity which the Duke assumes, was laid aside for boorish vulgarity. In low comedy he was more fortunate, his *Abel Drugger* and *Silvester Daggerwood* were highly amusing. But we cannot sufficiently reprobate his excessive vanity in performing the admirable *Crichton*; it may, perhaps, be urged, that actors are privileged to make fools of themselves on their benefit nights: it may be so; for our parts, we cannot but consider that the gentleman who is justly considered the first tragedian on the stage, degrades himself and disgusts his audience by capering like *Harlequin*, or swaggering as a vulgar butler in 'All the world's a stage'. The last character which we shall mention is *King Lear*. It is said that Mr. Kean would have willingly given a thousand pounds during the life of our late revered monarch, to have been permitted to perform this character, even for one night. That he considered it as his best part is an undoubted fact, but that the public coincided with his opinion is by no means so certain. With all its imperfections, his worst enemies must allow it to be an exceedingly fine performance. In some scenes, he certainly was unimpressive; the sublime description of the storm which admits of so much scope for effect was entirely lost by the whining tone in which Mr. Kean delivered it. But in the celebrated curse on *Goneril*, he displayed, to perfection, those talents with which he is so eminently gifted. Nothing could be finer than his look of doubt, joy, and anxious expectation, on waking from his trance, and beholding his daughter *Cordelia* kneeling over him. Taking it 'all in all,' since the retirement of *Garrick*, the transitions from rage and imbecility, and from inanity to madness of the 'techy choleric old king, four score years and upwards' have never been so faithfully depicted.

We have now taken a slight review of Mr. Kean's principal characters, and if we have been rather severe on some of his performances, we trust that in others we have made ample amends. To look for perfection in any thing mortal, would be absurd; still (with a few exceptions,) Mr. Kean may be said to have given us a perfect representation of almost every thing he has attempted. His figure and voice, we confess, are against him, but he has a most expressive countenance, and 'an eye like Mars, to threaten and command;' in short, we have not the least hesitation in pronouncing him, by far, the finest tragedian of the present day.

W. H. PARRY.

Sketches of Life and Character,

BY HER PRESENT MAJESTY, QUEEN CAROLINE.

THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

(Continued from our last, p. 652.)

THE improved spirit of the age, which is seen in the intellectual advancement of man through all the gradation of the social scheme, is particularly visible in this metropolitan county. Here the dissemination of knowledge is found to have the most salutary effects. Here moral worth is most resplendent,—here beneficence most abounds,—here those sentiments and affections are most operative, that exclude intolerance from the mind, and give the most comprehensive charity to the heart; here liberty finds its most impenetrable shield, and tyranny has to contend with its most determined foe.—'Answer to Address from the Freeholders of Middlesex.'

THE CITIZENS OF LONDON.

The citizens of London have never deserted their post when tyranny attacked the rights of individuals, or threatened the constitutional liberties of the nation.—'Answer to address from the Ward of Cripplegate Without.'

COMMERCE.

It is commerce to which Britain is principally indebted for its wealth and its power; and commerce, if it does not owe its origin to liberty, is at least never known to flourish in any country where the people are not free. Commerce, like the bird that wantons in the air, loves the unrestrained expansion of its wings; and will not flourish when it is impeded by restrictions, loaded with prohibitions, or subjected to arbitrary imposts. Liberty is the life of commerce, but slavery its death,—as it is the death of every thing most intimately connected with the happiness of man.—'Answer to the Address from the Lightermen and Watermen of the Port of London.'

LIBERTY.

One of the effects of increased knowledge must be an increased love of liberty; and the more knowledge is generalized, the more it must extend the conviction, that liberty is connected with the best interests of mankind. Without liberty, all those principles of individual enterprise and of general activity would be paralysed, which so much enlarge the circle of private enjoyment, and so much augment the best source of national prosperity.—'Answer to the Ipswich Address,' Sept. 13.

I hope to live and see the ancient oak of British liberty send forth new and more healthy shoots, and spread its branches far and wide, till it alike covers high and low, the rich and the poor, under the ample canopy of its protecting shade.—'Answer to Address from Northampton.'

My destruction would prepare the way for the destruction of public liberty. My cause, therefore, has become every man's cause. It is, indeed, the cause of all classes—of the high and the low—of the peer and the peasant—of the rich and the poor; for to which of these classes is not a free constitution a benefit? or to whom is it not a blessing to be independent and free? But, if my rights are once sacrificed at the shrine of tyranny, liberty will soon become only a name. It will, indeed, revive, for it is an indestructible essence; and while man exists upon the earth, it cannot be entirely destroyed, but it may suffer a temporary extinction of its spirit or a paralysis of its

powers.—‘Answer to the Address from the Ward of Farringdon Without,’ Sept. 25.

The light of liberty was long preserved in the ark of the British constitution, when it was extinguished or almost extinct in every other part of the world. It is from this light that the people of other countries have originally derived a large portion of their present political illumination. Here the spirit of liberty was first kindled; and hence its sacred heat was imparted to the bosoms of the wise, the generous, and the brave, in other branches of the great European family. But, while other nations have been indebted to us for a portion of this heavenly fire, we have ourselves suffered the flame to become languid and weak in that temple of constitutional freedom which it once so splendidly illuminated.—‘Answer to the Address from the Ward of Cripplegate Within,’ Sept. 25.

SOVEREIGNS.

The virtues of sovereigns are not circumscribed in their influence or insulated in their operations. They put in motion a wide circle of the imitative propensity in the subordinate conditions of life. Thus, the virtues of the great become the property of the people, and the people are interested in preserving them from slanderous contamination.—‘Answer to Address from the married Ladies of the Metropolis.’

Kings and Queens are but like other men and women. They rise into life and they moulder into dust, like the rest of their species. But, because long experience has found great usefulness in the office, the opinion not merely of the vain and the thoughtless, but even of the reflecting and the wise, has invested it with a dignity that has contributed to render it sacred in the estimate of mankind. Hence it has always been thought right to throw a veil over the infirmities of Sovereigns.—‘Answer to the Address from Calne.’

GOVERNMENT.

All institutions which are made for such a mutable being as man ought to vary with his character and habits, and should adapt themselves to his progressive improvement in political knowledge, and in knowledge of other kinds. Those truths which were formerly confined to a few, are now open to the perception of many. Political knowledge is in a great measure generalised. Clear ideas are now substituted for the vague phrases of past times. The captive has burst his intellectual chains. The mind is relieved from its long thralldom to feudal prejudices, and a spirit has arisen which will not endure servitude under any of its imposing forms.

As government cannot stop the march of intellect any more than they can arrest the motion of the tides or the course of the planets, it behoves them to yield in time to that force of opinion which must be finally irresistible; and to conduct it, ere it be too late, to those results which, without endangering the public tranquillity, are in unison with the light of the age, and conducive to the best interests of civilized man.—‘Answer to Address from Reading.’

When any country is governed by a faction, it must be governed more for the benefit of a few than for the interests of all. Under the government of a faction, the common good is a prey to the rapacity of individuals. The vulture and the cormorant penetrate into the treasury, where patriotic disinterestedness ought to preside, and into the sanctity where gentle piety ought to dwell. Un-

der a just and beneficent government, neither good nor evil is partially dispensed; there is an equal distribution of benefits and a similarly equal participation of burdens or calamities; there is nothing exclusive. The blessings of a wise administration are impartially scattered as the dew of heaven is equally diffused.—‘Answer to the Pan-cras Address.’

LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY.

Perhaps it will be said—‘What, then, cannot King, Lords, and Commons, do as they please?’—I answer, no. Their power is only a trust, limited by law; and what is a trust, never can suppose unrestrained volition or arbitrary agency.

If the power of King, Lords, and Commons, is limited by the fundamental laws of the realm, their acts are not binding when they exceed those limitations. If it be asked—‘What, then, are King, Lords, and Commons, answerable to any higher authority?’—I distinctly answer, yes. ‘To what higher authority?’—To that of God and of the People.—‘Answer to Address from Ward of Cripplegate Without.’

JUSTICE.

Justice is a simple thing, and requires no depth of learning to be understood. Its common rules and its sacred principles may be as clearly comprehended by shipwrights and artisans as by the mitred bishop or the ermined judge. Who does not know it to be a principle of justice, that an accused person should have a fair trial, and that it is hardly consistent with the validity of a fair trial that the same persons should unite the incongruous offices of accuser, judge, and jury,—should lay the charge, make the law, declare the offence, and punish the offender? Who that loves his country, who that reflects upon her great glories, her naval victories, and her continental triumphs,—upon the front of defiance which she has occasionally exhibited to the nations of the world;—who that reflects upon these things, will not grieve that such a country should sanction a proceeding which is so much at variance with the most simple maxims of justice as to be universally perceptible.—‘Answer to the Address from the Shipwrights.’

THE INDUSTRIOUS CLASSES.

The industrious classes of the nation constitute the vital energies of the state. In the great fabric of society, they are the strength at the bottom which supports the ornament at the top.

The productive powers of the country are its real powers. For out of what other source is consumption supplied? What else is it that multiplies gratifications of all kinds? To what else is affluence indebted for its splendour, or beauty for its decorations? Where rank is measured by usefulness, no reflecting mind will say that the industrious classes occupy the lowest step in the ascent of honourable ambition or of estimable fame.—‘Answer to Address of Mechanics.’

(To be continued.)

Original Poetry.

SONG.

The courtier may flatter his master,
And worm himself into his graces,
With feet that run fast, and tongue faster,
And cringing and clownish grimaces;

Comme

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notice, a

In his place I shall ne'er wish to be, Sir,
While the maid of my heart I can see, Sir.
The soldier may fly to Dame Glory.
(A termagant mistress I deem her)
And think that in flattering story,
His name shall be written, poor dreamer;
A more tangible mistress for me, Sir,
One that I can hear, feel, and see, Sir.
The statesman may joy in outwitting
Some rival old trickster, and fancy
There's nothing so foolish as sitting
With Mary, or Rosa, or Nancy;
But either of these is to me, Sir,
More dear than their notions may be, Sir.
J. W. DALBY.

TO EMMA.

BY J. D. NEWMAN.

Oh! would yon cot were our's, my love,
I'd envy not the wealthiest peer,
But happy spend the passing year
Within its wood-bine bowers, my love.
And thou should'st bind a wreath of roses
Around the brow of one too dear;
And thou should'st say, if love reposes
On earth below, 'tis center'd here;
And thou should'st whisper, surely this
Must be the height of human bliss,
And for the whisper, gain the kiss.
Oh, would yon rippling stream, my love,
Were our's, and from us ne'er could part,
In bliss we'd live, and drown the smart
Of woe in pleasure's dream, my love;
And thou should'st sit beneath the willow,
And playful dash the spray o'er me,
And I would think the broken billow
A silver stream dispensed by thee;
And sportive o'er thy waving hair,
I'd shew the water lilly fair,
And bid it rest love's trophy there.
Oh, would yon sacred grove, my love,
Were our's, and we could fondly meet
Within its silent lone retreat,
And through its mazes rove, my love,
And thou should'st breathe the vow of tender
Love, so often breathed by me;
And I would ever strive to render
The world a scene of bliss to thee.
And as love lit thy sparkling eye,
The modest blush should upwards fly,
And veil thee in its crimson dye.
But this were bliss supreme, my love,
A bliss I fear we ne'er shall know,
For o'er me is the shade of woe,
Eclipsing e'en hope's beam, my love;
And thou art lost, lov'd one, for ever,—
For ever flown my dream of love,
For tyranny has dar'd to sever
The bond affection fondly wove.
Yet, while I live, my heart will dwell
On thee, and of thy virtues tell,
Then breaking, breathe a last farewell.

Commercial Coffee House, Ludgate Hill.

The Drama.

THE theatres might be passed over this week without notice, as there has been nothing novel either as to pieces

or performers produced at any house. The extended season at the Haymarket does not appear likely to prove so advantageous as might have been expected. Indeed, this season, notwithstanding the unusual puffing that has marked it, is one of the worst we have seen for many years; and yet this is not owing to the want of a good company, for the theatre scarcely ever boasted a more powerful *corps dramatique*. The reason, we suspect, is, that the public always expected one or two lively new comedies every season, and, instead of this, the productions this season have been far below the usual character of those we have formerly witnessed on the same boards. Whatever may be the cause, it cannot be denied that dramatic writing is at present at a very low ebb.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—This elegant place of amusement has closed its short season, and, we are very sorry to learn, notwithstanding the great exertions of the proprietor and manager, and the distinguished success which accompanied the production of every new opera, (and there have been several), that the season has not been a productive one. The cause to which this failure is attributed, is stated correctly, we doubt not, in the following farewell address, which was delivered by Mr. Bartley:—

'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The circumstances of the season which ends this evening, render it impossible for me to announce a prosperous issue for the proprietor to his exertions for your entertainment. The peculiar, and, I believe I may say unprecedented event of Drury-Lane theatre having opened at so early a period as to leave only twenty-five or twenty-six nights for the summer theatres, unopposed by the gigantic and overwhelming strength of the patent properties, has rendered it impossible for the proprietor of this theatre to reap the honest fruits of his industry, or even the common wages which every lawful labourer in your service has a right to expect and enjoy. We do not contend against the right to do this; but we respectfully submit to you and to them, that

'Tis excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant!'

—Still, Ladies and Gentlemen, the proprietor ventures to boast that you have experienced no relaxation in his spirited exertions to deserve your patronage, nor any want of energy in the performances to conciliate your favour. We proudly feel, that as far as applause is the criterion of desert, we have deserved your approbation; and if, during a season of more than ordinary hardship, to have obtained the credit of unremitting zeal in the production of highly successful novelties, may be advanced as a pledge for future exertions; I trust, I may now take my leave, without the usual and hacknied assurance, that every future effort will be made to ensure a continuance and increase of your former protection. Ladies and Gentlemen, in the name of the proprietor and of all the performers, I now respectfully bid you farewell!'

ADELPHI THEATRE.—This theatre is opened with a very good company, but we have not yet had leisure to pay it a visit; this, however, we shall do before our next.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Voyage to the North Pole.—The following extract of a letter, dated North Shields, Oct. 2, gives some interesting particulars respecting the arctic regions, and gives reason to hope that the discovery ships may have been successful:—'Having had an interview with Captain Warham, of the British Queen, whaler, of this port, I am enabled to add his testimony to that of Mr. Fleming, in believing, that if the discovery ships un-

der Captain Parry are well, they must have effected a passage through what is termed the Hyperborean Ocean, into the Pacific, and through Sir James Lancaster's Sound, Baffin's Bay, in lat. $74\frac{1}{2}$ north, long. $84\frac{1}{2}$ west, or thereabouts. Mr. Warham has reason to believe Baffin's Bay is imperfectly known, and that Captain Ross's account is much too brief, he not having had time to explore it. After the British Queen had found her way through the ice in Davis' Straits, and found Disco Island, lat. $70\frac{1}{2}$ north, long. 49 west, she went on to Woman's Isles, $73\frac{1}{2}$ north, and nearly the same longitude, found a clear sea, sailed across Baffin's Bay for Lancaster Sound, and doubts the existence of James's Island; at least, he thinks it must be of inconsiderable size to that which is generally laid down on the maps. He found Lancaster Sound, and sailed up it twenty miles, meeting a strong swell and wind from the north-west. The sound is about twenty miles broad, widening to the west; bold high land. Not meeting with whales, and his voyage being to catch fish, he returned and went to the southward, where he was more successful. On Sunday morning, the 6th of August, going under easy sail, about sixty miles to the south of Lancaster Sound, he saw a considerable inlet, and a ship higher up in it; turning up the inlet, he was struck with sounds from the shore, which proved to be inhabitants making strange gestures and screams. He and part of the crew landed, and by courteous signs overcame their timidity, and was conducted by a male, who had lost both feet, probably by the frost, and a female, who appeared to be about eighteen years of age, to their huts, made of the skins of seal and deer. It was found, that most of the population were absent on the hills hunting; only a few males and some women, but a great number of children, being left.—They seemed docile and hospitable, exchanging their skin jackets for those of the sailors, and stripping naked without the least hesitation to put on the new dress. They seemed to pay some adoration to the sun. The ship's company here caught some fish, and found reason to believe that the inlet communicated with Lancaster Sound. Captain Warham found the variation of the compass to be west of the true north about one hundred degrees, and thinks the magnetic pole is somewhere there, as the dip is prodigious. The ships then stretched north-east, for Sir Thomas Smith's Sound, in lat. $78\frac{1}{2}$, long. 64. leaving Alderman Jones's Sound on the larboard side: he made Hackluts Island, $77\frac{1}{2}$, long. 60, and completed his fishing near Cape Dudley Digges. Coming down Davis' Straits, and even to Cape Farewell, he fell in with ice, and many icebergs, having, in snow-showers, to thread his way through them; and finally passed the latter cape on the third of September. Captain Warham is cautious of speaking of any thing but what he saw, is a good mathematician and astronomer, and quite fitted for active and intelligent observation. I wish I could give more succinct information on the subject of the expedition, but it is dangerous raising hopes that may not be verified.

Machine for raising water.—A simple machine has, it is said, been perfected by a gentleman of Shropshire, for raising water from the holds of ships and for supplying reservoirs, which, by means of a small weight, will raise a column of water at the rate of 15 quarts per minute, to the height of 100 feet, and so on, in proportion, double, triple, or quadruple columns of water, to double, triple, and quadruple heights.

Leslie's Hygrometer, employed to ascertain the strength of spirits.—Mr. W. Ritchie, of Perth, has proved, by some late experiments, that there exists a uniform ratio between the cold induced by evaporation (from the bulb of Leslie's hygrometer) and the strength of the evaporating spirits. The bulbs of three very delicate hygrometers were moistened—one with strong whisky, another with a mixture of the same whisky and water, in equal quantities; and the third with water. The lowest degree of cold, induced by evaporation, was carefully watched: that of the water was 40, that of the dilute spirits 64, and of the strong 88. "Hence the following proportion, 24 : 48 :: strength of the dilute : strength of the strong spirit." This he tried with different proportions

of spirits and water, in different states of the atmosphere, and found the same property uniformly obtain.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

The Giant's Grave.—In the Chapel of Clet, in the Island of Sanda, one of the western isles of Scotland, is a grave nineteen feet long, in which was found a human spine, longer than that of a horse; and the inhabitants have a tradition, that a giant was buried in this place, who was so tall that he could reach his hand as high as the top of the chapel.

Anecdote of George III.—When his Majesty visited Long-leat, in the autumn of 1789, an immense concourse of people assembled, from all quarters, in the park, in the hope of catching a sight of the King. The noble host, somewhat alarmed, inquired of his steward what was best to be done on the occasion, who replied, that in order to gratify the whole assemblage, he would advise that his Majesty would condescend to exhibit himself from the flat roof of the mansion, with which the King instantly complied. An attendant took the liberty of inquiring of his Majesty, who was used to large assemblies, of how many souls he might imagine the mob below consisted. On which his Majesty courteously remonstrated, "Mob, Sir, implies a crowd that is disorderly; the people below are peaceable; *multitude*, if you please, but not *mob*."

Cleopatra's Needle.—This celebrated monument of antiquity may be shortly expected to arrive from Alexandria—a present from the Pasha of Egypt to his Majesty George IV. It is, we understand, to be set up in Waterloo Place, opposite to Carlton House, where it will, for ages we hope, serve to keep alive the recollection of the exploits of our naval and military heroes in that country. The weight of the column is about 200 tons—the diameter at the pedestal 7 feet. We understand that we are indebted to the influence of S. Briggs, Esq. British Resident at Grand Cairo, with the Pasha of Egypt, for this magnificent monument.

The Gammut.—The gammut is derived from the first strophe of a hymn chaunted in the Catholic church, at the festival of St. John the Baptist, and which hymn commences as follows:—

*Ut queant laxis
Resonare fibris
Mira gestorum
Famuli tuorum
Solve polluti
Labii reatum
Sancte Iohannes!*

For farther information on this subject, see a Letter on Ancient and Modern Music, by C. Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We always feel obliged by the suggestions of our Islington Correspondent.

Y. F. is received.

Errata—p. 632, col. 1, l. 12 from bottom, for 'here you see' read 'have you seen'; p. 633, col. 1, l. 13 from top, for 'recommended' read 'recomended'; *idem*. l. 14, from bottom, for 'fortune' read 'doctrine'; p. 652, for Londiniana 'xii' read 'xiii.'

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